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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL J 192 W

"DOCTOR WHO" 7E

'Paradise Towers'

by

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE TWO

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"DOCTOR WHO" - 'Paradise Towers' - EPISODE TWO

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
MEL
THE CHIEF CARETAKER
DEPUTY CHIEF CARETAKER
BIN LINER
FIRE ESCAPE
BLUE KANG
PEX
TILDA
TABBY
MADDY, Another Rezzie
CARETAKERS
KANGS
CLEANERS

* * * * *

SETS:

Square
Street (One)
Street (Two)
The Caretakers' Headquarters
Headquarters of the Red Kangs
The Rezzies' Apartment and Street outside
Basement of Paradise Towers
The Lift, Staircase and adjoining area

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO" 7E

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EPISODE TWO

(REPRISE EXTRACT
FROM EPISODE ONE)

SUPOSE CAM

Titles:

1. INT. THE CARETAKERS' HEADQUARTERS.

(THE CARETAKERS
HAVE GRABBED
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Just a moment - listen -

CHIEF CARETAKER: Why?

THE DOCTOR: I'm not the Great
Architect. I'm the Doctor.

CHIEF CARETAKER: The Doctor now
is it? (TO THE OTHERS) He always
was very artful that Great Architect.
Make the preparations will you,
Deputy?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Yes, Chief.

THE DOCTOR: You're condemning without proof, without trial, without even evidence.. I don't even know who this Great Architect is. Let alone -

CHIEF CARETAKER: The 327 Appendix Three Subsection 9 Death, I think.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Very good, Chief.

(A LOUD BLEEPING
STARTS ON THE
COMMUNICATION
SYSTEM)

CHIEF CARETAKER: (WITH A SIGH) It would happen just now. (MOVING TO INTERCOM) Yes? (LISTENS) Oh dear, oh dear. Poor Caretaker number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3. (LISTENS) What? Now? But I'm in the middle of something rather important. (LISTENS) It's highly irregular but I suppose in the circumstances - (LISTENS) Alright, there's no need to quote the rule book at me, Caretaker number 569 stroke 14 subsection 8. I'll come.

(HE SWITCHES OFF
THE INTERCOM
AND MOVES AWAY)

THE DOCTOR: (INNOCENTLY) Anything the matter?

CHIEF CARETAKER: (SHARPLY) Nothing that isn't under control, thank you, Great Architect. (cont ...)

(THE CHIEF CARETAKER
TURNS TO HIS
DEPUTY)

CHIEF CARETAKER: (cont) An
unfortunate accident has occurred
to Caretaker number 345 stroke 12
subsection 3 and I am required by
the rulebook to go and investigate
it. The 327 Appendix Three
Subsection 9 Death will be post-
poned until I return. In the
meantime you will guard the Great
Architect here with your lives.
Understand?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Yes, Chief.
No problem.

(THE DOCTOR WHO
IS SANDWICHED
BETWEEN TWO
LARGE BUT NOT
VERY BRIGHT
LOOKING CARETAKERS
LOOKS UP AT THEM
THOUGHTFULLY.
A LITTLE SMILE
STARTS TO APPEAR.
MAYBE THERE IS
HOPE AFTER ALL)

2. INT. STREET.

(MEL IS WALKING
ALONG DETERMINEDLY.)

PEX TRAILS ALONG
SOME WAY BEHIND
HER)

PEX: Mel -

MEL: What is it now?

PEX: Mel - watch this.

(MEL CARRIES ON)

Go on. (PAUSE) Please.

MEL: (WITH A SIGH) I'm in a hurry.
You know that. And that ceremony in
the Square gave me the creeps.

PEX: It won't take a moment.

(HE PREPARES
HIMSELF WITH
MUCH MUTTERING
AND FLEXING OF
MUSCLES AND
THEN APPROACHES
THE WALL OF THE
STREET.

WITH A CRY HE
PULLS OUT A
LAMP FITTING AND
THEN HOLDING IT
ALOFT BENDS IT
IN HALF.

THEN PEX CHUCKS
THE LAMP FITTING
TO THE GROUND
NONCHALANTLY.

PAUSE)

MEL: Well?

PEX: You have to be strong to do that. And fit. And trained. There aren't many people who could do that.

MEL: I'm not sure there are many who'd want to.

PEX: Mel, you don't realise. I am a finely tuned fighting machine.

MEL: So you said.

PEX: I work out every day. Practise martial arts. Run the length of seventeen carrydoors each morning.
I -

MEL: Pex -

PEX: Yes?

MEL: I'm still not interested.

PEX: Oh.

MEL: If you could bend that back into shape and put it back where it came from it might be more useful. But you can't, can you?

PEX: That's not my job. I'm Pex -

MEL: I know, 'and you're here to put the world of Paradise Towers to rights'. Well, go ahead. I've got to find my friend. And there's not a moment to waste.

(SHE STARTS TO
MOVE AWAY)

PEX: Mel, Mel -

MEL: (GETTING ANGRY) Just tell me one thing, Pex. If you're so marvellous, why doesn't anybody else in Paradise Towers want your help? I should have thought there are more than enough wrongs to put to right here without bothering me. Or is everybody else so fed up with you kicking down their doors and smashing their street lights that they don't want to have anything to do with you?

(PEX'S FACE FALLS.
MEL HAS CLEARLY
GUESSED CORRECTLY.

PEX QUICKLY
COVERING BY
PICKING UP THE
LAMP FITTING
AND TRYING TO
BEND IT BACK:)

PEX: I will try to put it back.
Honest.

(MEL WATCHES
HIM STRUGGLE)

3. INT. SQUARE.

(BIN LINER AND
THE OTHER RED
KANGS ARE
ASSEMBLING.

FIRE ESCAPE
ARRIVES LAST.
SHE GIVES THE
SALUTE)

FIRE ESCAPE: Build High for Happiness.

BIN LINER: Build High for Happiness.

FIRE ESCAPE: All sound and safe?

BIN LINER: The unyoung Doctor and
the girl who is no Kang are lost for
now.

FIRE ESCAPE: (LOOKING ROUND) And
No Exit?

BIN LINER: No Exit's not here.

FIRE ESCAPE: Where is she?

BIN LINER: Was on talkiphone three
before the Caretakers' attack.

FIRE ESCAPE: Not now? (cont ...)

(BIN LINER SHAKES
HER HEAD GLUMLY)

FIRE ESCAPE: (cont) Mayhaps
No Exit's returned to Red Kang
Headquarters.

BIN LINER: Mayhaps. Or -

FIRE ESCAPE: Or?

BIN LINER: No Exit's unalive.

FIRE ESCAPE: Taken to the Cleaners?

BIN LINER: (NODS) Yes. Taken to
the Cleaners.

FIRE ESCAPE: But No Exit knows
the carrydoors. If we go back to
Red Kang Headquarters, mayhaps she'll
be there sound and safe.

BIN LINER: No Exit's a redder than
red Kang.

(THEY START UP
THE 'Red Kangs
are Best' CHANT
AS THEY MOVE OFF
BUT THE MOOD IS
SOMBRE AND THE
CHANTING RAGGED)

4. INT. BASEMENT.

(A 'CLEANER' COMES
DOWN A DIM DUSTY
CORRIDOR, PULLING
ITS CART. FROM
THE LID PROTRUDES
THE NAKED FOOT OF
A RED KANG - NO
EXIT.

AT THE END OF
THE CORRIDOR
STANDS A LARGE
WEIGHTY DUST-
COVERED DOOR.
ON IT A SIGN
SAYING 'NO ENTRY'.

THE CLEANER
MOVES TOWARDS
THE DOOR.

FROM BEHIND THE
DOOR COMES A
LOUD OMINOUS
MECHANICAL
RUMBLING.

THE DOOR BURSTS
OPEN. SMOKE
BILLOWS OUT.
THROUGH IT WE
DIMLY SEE A
FLASHING LURID
RED LIGHT.

THE RUMBLING
GROWS LOUDER -
LIKE HUNGER PAINS)

5. INT. CARETAKERS' HEADQUARTERS.

(THE DOCTOR
IS SEATED
BETWEEN THE
DEPUTY CARETAKER
AND ANOTHER LARGE
CARETAKER BOTH
WHO SIT THERE
STOLIDLY ARMS
FOLDED.

THE DOCTOR IS
CLEARLY GETTING
RATHER BORED.

EVENTUALLY HE
SPEAKS:)

THE DOCTOR: Shall I tell you what
puzzles me most?

(NO RESPONSE)

Those robotic cleaners we had such
a nasty time with. Presumably they're
part of the organisation of Paradise
Towers like you Caretakers. They
clean it up and you look after law
and order. So why did they attack
you?

(NO RESPONSE)

And there's another thing. Why do
you all want to kill the Great
Architect anyway? I'd've thought
you'd be delighted to have him here
to put things back to rights. It
doesn't make sense, does it? (cont ...)

(NO RESPONSE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) If I were you, I'd be up and doing some investigating. There's some force at work here I don't understand. And if it ever harms my friend Mel, there'll be all ^{fury} to pay. (BRIGHTLY) Well, what do you think?

(NO RESPONSE)

I'd hate to live my whole life by some boring old rule book as you do. You must get very bored. (PAUSE) Well, do you?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: No.

THE DOCTOR: Never?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Never.

THE DOCTOR: I mean, that Chief of yours seems to be able to do whatever he likes. Order any harmless passing intergalactic tourist to be put to death for whatever reason takes his fancy. Whereas you all have to do what he says.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: It's better that way.

THE DOCTOR: Who says so?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: The rule book.

THE DOCTOR: Well, it would, wouldn't it? (PAUSE) I suppose how you guard me is in the rule book too?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Yes. Regulation 47b subsection two.

THE DOCTOR: I'd be most interested to take a look at that rule book. If it's not against the rules. After all, I am a condemned man.

(PAUSE.

THE DEPUTY CARETAKER
NODS TO HIS ASSISTANT
WHO HANDS THE DOCTOR
HIS COPY OF THE RULE
BOOK.

THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO READ)

DEPUTY CARETAKER: We'll count it as your last request. You're entitled to one if you're going to undergo a 327A Appendix 3 Subsection 9 death. It's not a pretty way to go.

THE DOCTOR: (READING) How extraordinary! That can't be true.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR: No, it's so unlikely you couldn't possibly.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: If it's there then it's true. Rules is rules and orders is orders.

THE DOCTOR: If you say so. I don't want to make a fool of you.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Just read out what it says.

THE DOCTOR: Very well. I find it hard to credit but there you are.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: (ANGRILY) Read it.

THE DOCTOR: (CLEARING THROAT)
According to what I've just read
here about the 327A Appendix 3
Subsection 9 death, it seems that
after you've been guarding your
condemned prisoner for -

(HE LOOKS AROUND
FOR A CLOCK AND
IT SHOULD BECOME
CLEAR TO US
THOUGH NOT TO
THE CARETAKERS
THAT HE IS
IMPROVISING)

-thirty five minutes, you have all
to stand up -

DEPUTY CARETAKER: But -

THE DOCTOR: I know it sounds silly.
I'm not expecting you to do it, of
course. But it is in here.

(PAUSE.

THE DEPUTY CARETAKER
STANDS UP AND THE
OTHER FOLLOWS HIS
LEAD)

The Caretakers present have to move
five paces away from the prisoner -

(THE CARETAKERS
OBEY UNHESITATINGLY)

- close their eyes and put their hands
above their heads -

(THE DOCTOR SEES
THEY HAVE
OBEYED HIM AND
STEALTHILY
POCKETS THE
RULE BOOK AND
GOES OVER TO
THE DEPUTY.

HE CAREFULLY
REMOVES THE
KEYS THAT HANG
FROM THE DEPUTY'S
BELT)

DEPUTY CARETAKER: (EYES STILL CLOSED)
How long does the book say we do this?

THE DOCTOR: (POCKETING THE KEYS)
Oh for about a minute and a half.
You see, it's the length of time
the condemned man needs -

DEPUTY CARETAKER: To do what?

(THE DOCTOR IS
NOW AT THE DOOR
AND TRYING VARIOUS
KEYS. THE SECOND
OR THIRD FITS.

THE DOOR FLIES
OPEN)

(EYES STILL CLOSED) It's the length
of time the condemned man needs to do
what?

THE DOCTOR: Steal the keys to the
door and escape.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Sorry?

THE DOCTOR: Steal the keys to the
door and escape. Goodbye for now.

(THE DOCTOR
LEAVES THE
HEADQUARTERS
THROUGH THE
MAIN DOOR)

DEPUTY CARETAKER: (OPENING HIS
EYES) But that doesn't make sense.
Rules should always make sense.
Why should we allow a prisoner to -

(HE LOOKS ROUND
AND SEES THE
DOCTOR HAS GONE.
HIS FACE FALLS)

(THE DOCTOR
LEAVES THE
HEADQUARTERS
THROUGH THE
MAIN DOOR)

DEPUTY CARETAKER: (OPENING HIS
EYES) But that doesn't make sense.
Rules should always make sense.
Why should we allow a prisoner to -

(HE LOOKS ROUND
AND SEES THE
DOCTOR HAS GONE.
HIS FACE FALLS)

6. INT. STREET.

(THE DOCTOR
COMES DOWN
THE STREET
LOOKING CAREFULLY
AROUND HIM.

HE COMES TO A
TURNING AND
DECIDES TO
TAKE IT.

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER THE
DEPUTY CARETAKER
AND OTHER CARETAKER(S)
HURRY DOWN AFTER
HIM. THEY GET TO
THE TURNING AND
PAUSE UNCERTAIN
WHAT TO DO.

THE DEPUTY
CARETAKER TAKES
A RULE BOOK FROM
ONE OF THE OTHERS
AND STARTS TO
CONSULT IT)

7. INT. STAIRCASE AND APPROACH TO LIFT.

(MEL IS FOLLOWING
PEX DOWN A DARK,
DIRTY STAIRCASE)

MEL: Are you sure?

(PEX NODS.

MEL SIGHS AND
FOLLOWS HIM TO
THE BOTTOM OF THE
STAIRCASE.

THEY LOOK ROUND
AND THEN PEX
INDICATES THE
DIRECTION THEY
ARE TO GO. THEY
DEPART.

IT'S ONLY AFTER
THEY'VE GONE
THAT WE SEE THAT
THEY HAVE GONE
OFF IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION
AND COMPLETELY
MISSED THE LIFT.

AND THEN DOWN
THE STREET
TOWARDS THE LIFT
FROM ANOTHER
DIRECTION COMES
THE DOCTOR,
CARRYING THE
RULE BOOK.

HE LOOKS BACK.
THE WAY BEHIND
APPEARS TO BE
CLEAR. HE BREATHES
A SIGH OF RELIEF.

THEN THE DOCTOR
SEES THE LIFT,
SHUDDERS AT
THE MEMORY
AND SHAKES HIS
HEAD.

THEN RETURNING
TO HIS RULE
BOOK, HE GOES
UP THE STAIRCASE
THAT MEL AND
PEX HAVE JUST
COME DOWN)

8. INT. SQUARE.

(MEL AND PEX
ENTER THE SQUARE
BY A DIFFERENT
ANGLE FROM
WHICH THEY HAD
WATCHED THE
KANGS.

MEL STOPS AND
LOOKS ROUND
IN DISBELIEF)

MEL: Oh no. We're back at the square.
Again.

PEX: (LAMELY) I've been trying to
confuse anybody who might be following
us. It's part of the training.

MEL: Does your training include
confusing yourself at the same time?

PEX: I'm not confused.

MEL: So you know where to go next
to get us up to the swimming pool.

PEX: Of course.

MEL: Well then?

PEX: (CLEARLY AT RANDOM) We go that
way.

MEL: Sure.

PEX: Of course I'm sure.

MEL: Pex, can I ask you something?

PEX: Course.

MEL: How come you're here?

PEX: What do you mean?

MEL: I mean, there's no one else like you here, is there?

PEX: (POSING PROUDLY) You can say that again. (APPROACHING THE FOUNTAIN) Shall I show you how -

MEL: No, not just now. I think you've wrecked quite enough for one day.

(PEX STOPS SULKILY)

Tilda and Tabby talked about a war. They said only the oldsters and the youngsters were brought to Paradise Towers and the rest - the in-betweens - went off to fight and never came back. So how does it happen that you're here.

PEX: Isn't it obvious?

MEL: No, it isn't obvious at all. (PAUSE) Pex, you say you want to help me get up to the swimming pool and meet my friend, the Doctor, so I have to know.

PEX: I was sent here. The power to protect has been invested in me.

MEL: Who by?

PEX: (MYSTERIOUSLY) By those who
I am not allowed to name.

MEL: And that's the truth? Really
the truth.

(PEX NODS SOLEMNLY)

(WITH A SIGH) Then I suppose I have
to believe you. (PAUSE) It can't
be safe to hang around this square
any longer.

(SHE STARTS TO
MOVE OFF, PEX
INEVITABLY FOLLOWS)

PEX: You're in no danger with me
around.

MEL: Are you sure of that?

PEX: Of course I'm sure.

(THEY GO OFF
ARGUING AS
USUAL.

BUT WE STAY IN
THE SQUARE.

FROM A DIFFERENT
ANGLE WE NOW
SEE THAT TWO BLUE
KANGS HAVE
BEEN OVERHEARING
THEIR CONVERSATION.
THE TWO NOD AT
EACH OTHER NOW,
RAISE THEIR
CROSSBOWS AND
START TO FOLLOW)

9. INT. STREET.

(THE DOCTOR IS
MAKING HIS WAY
CAREFULLY ALONG,
RULE BOOK
STILL IN HAND.
HE LOOKS AHEAD
AND THINKS HE
SEES SOMEONE
JUST AHEAD OF
HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Mel! Mel!

(BUT THE STREET
IS EMPTY AND
SILENT. HE
PAUSES SLIGHTLY
PUZZLED TO MOP
HIS BROW. BUT
THE LOSS OF
ENERGY IS ONLY
TEMPORARY.
HE NOTICES A
GRAFFITI ON A
NEARBY WALL.
AGAIN IT SHOWS
A KANG AND A
'CLEANER' BUT
THIS TIME THE
CLEANER CLEARLY
HAS A CART IN
TOW.

THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO TRACE OUT
THE GRAFFITI.
AFTER THE CLEANER
WITH HIS CART IT
SHOWS ANOTHER
CLEANER WITH A
CART AND A FOOT
PROTRUDING. AND
THEN AFTER THAT
WITH SMOKE BLOWING
OUT OF IT IS A DOOR.

THE DOCTOR IS
SO BUSY STUDYING
THESE PICTURES
THAT HE DOES NOT
NOTICE THAT
A REAL 'CLEANER'
HAS EMERGED
FROM WHERE HE
THOUGHT HE SAW
MEL AND IS
SLOWLY MOVING
TOWARDS HIM
PULLING ITS CART
BEHIND IT)

10. INT. ANOTHER STREET.

(THE CHIEF CARETAKER
IS PACING AROUND
WITH THE WALKY-TALKY
IN HIS HAND. HE
IS ADDRESSING TWO
OTHER CARETAKERS
WHO LISTEN
RATHER SHEEPISHLY,
ONE HOLDING A
BLOODSTAINED CAP
BELONGING TO
THE YOUNG CARETAKER)

CHIEF CARETAKER: Now, the main thing, Caretakers number 379 stroke 13 subsections 3 and 5, is not to panic. Just because it appears that something unfortunate may have happened to Caretaker number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3, we must not go leaping to conclusions. Careless chat about the Robotic Self-Activating Megapodic Mark 7Z Cleaners having got out of control is not going to help any one and may needlessly upset other Caretakers. Everything in the whole of Paradise Towers is perfectly in order as always and running exactly according to the rules set down in the rule book. You will ignore any evidence to the contrary. (PAUSE) You may rest assured, however, that I will undertake a thorough investigation of what has happened and prepare a full and detailed report as demanded by Emergency Regulation 9P2. Other equally likely explanations are possible for this unlucky accident. (cont...)

(PAUSE.

HE STARES AT
THE UNCONVINCED-
LOOKING CARETAKERS)

CHIEF CARETAKER: (cont) In the meantime, however, all Caretakers will patrol their assigned streets as before. I am sure they will be quite safe.

(THE WALKY-TALKY
IN HIS HAND
SUDDENLY EXITS
A BLEEP. IT
TAKES HIM A MOMENT
TO REGISTER THIS
BEFORE ANSWERING IT)

Yes, Deputy Chief Caretaker, as set down in regulation - you are - you are what? (LISTENS) Then find him at once. At once.

(LISTENS, THEN
MORE THREATENINGLY)

I don't think I need to remind anyone just how unpleasant a 327 Appendix Three Subsection 9 death can be.

11. INT. STREET. (AS IN SCENE 9)

(THE 'CLEANER'
IS COMING STEADILY
DOWN THE STREET
TOWARDS THE DOCTOR
WHO IS STILL
STUDYING THE
GRAFFITI,
OCCASIONALLY
REFERRING TO
THE GUIDEBOOK.)

THE DOCTOR HEARING
THE NOISE OF
THE APPROACHING
CLEANER:)

THE DOCTOR: Shush, I'm -

(HE TURNS AND
SEES THE
ROBOT AND
BREAKS OFF)

Not again ...

(HE SEES THE
IDENTICAL BLADES
THE ROBOT HAD IN
THE PREVIOUS
ENCOUNTER)

You needn't think you're going to fool
me with those oltrimotive bi-curval
scraping blades. You don't catch me
the same way twice. (cont...)

(SUDDENLY A MECHANICAL
ARM SHOOTS OUT FROM
THE FRONT OF THE
'CLEANER' AND STARTS
SPRAYING OUT SOME
SORT OF EVIL-LOOKING
SMOKE.

THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO COUGH)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Which is why, of
course, you've chosen a different way.

(STILL COUGHING
HE STARTS TO
RUN.

THE 'CLEANER'
MOVES DETERMINEDLY
AFTER HIM STILL
SPRAYING AWAY)

12. INT. THE REZZIES' FLAT.

(TABBY IS JUST
FINISHING A MEAL.
TILDA WHO HAS
ALREADY FINISHED
IS WORKING ON
A SEEMINGLY
ENDLESS STRIP
OF KNITTING.
BONES LITTER
THE TABLE)

TABBY MUNCHING
AWAY DAINTILY)

TABBY: Delicious, dear.

TILDA: Thank you, Tabby dear.

TABBY: A little on the small side,
of course.

TILDA: Well, I'm sure we could both
have done with a little more. But
we have to take what we can find.
Perhaps something better will turn
up before too long.

TABBY: We can only hope so.

(A KNOCK AT
THE DOOR. THE
REZZIES LOOK
AT EACH OTHER
HOPEFULLY)

Could it be that delicious little Mel?

TILDA: She did say she'd come back.
(LOUDER) Come in!

(THE DOOR OPENS
AND MADDY, ANOTHER
ELDERLY REZZIE
APPEARS, CLEARLY
RATHER NERVOUS
ABOUT BEING THERE.

TABBY AND TILDA
FIGHT HARD NOT
TO SHOW THEIR
DISAPPOINTMENT)

MADDY: It's only me.

TILDA: Maddy, dear. How lovely to see
you.

MADDY: I'm not intruding?

TABBY: No, we're just finishing.

MADDY: You're sure?

TILDA: Of course. Tea?

MADDY: Thank you, dear.

(TILDA GOES OVER
TO THE KITCHEN
AREA.

MADDY SITS RATHER
NERVOUSLY BY TABBY)

I just had to come over and tell you.

TABBY: Tell us what, dear?

MADDY: Another Caretaker's disappeared.

TABBY: Was it the Kangs?

MADDY: Well, they're trying to make out it might be. But from what I've heard, there's more to it than anybody's letting on. I mean, people don't just vanish, do they?

TABBY: No, of course not, there's always something left behind.

(SHE STARES AT
THE PILE OF
BONES.

TILDA CONTINUES
MAKING THE TEA)

MADDY: You know, I do sometimes wonder if I know the half of what's going on in dear Paradise Towers.

TABBY: What do you mean, Maddy?

MADDY: I don't know. It's just a feeling. I'm probably being silly.

(SHE WATCHES AS
TABBY MOVES TO
THE KITCHEN
SECTION, TAKING
THE PLATES WITH
THE BONES ON
WITH HER. AS
SHE DROPS THEM
INTO THE WASTE
DISPOSAL UNIT
THE UNIT STARTS
TO THROB AND
GURGLE IN RATHER
AN ALARMING WAY)

13. INT. STREET.

(THE DOCTOR COMES
ALONG THE STREET.
HE IS APPROACHING
ONE OF THE SAFETY
DOORS. THE
'CLEANER' IS SOME
WAY BEHIND,
STILL SPRAYING
AWAY.

HE GOES THOROUGH
THE DOOR TENTATIVELY
EYES SHUT BUT
NOTHING HAPPENS.
HE BREATHES A
SIGH OF RELIEF
AND OPENS HIS
EYES. HE SEES
A FUTURISTIC
TELEPHONE LABELLED
'FOR EMERGENCIES'
ATTACHED TO THE
WALL)

THE DOCTOR: (APPROACHING IT) Nothing
ventured....

(HE TRIES TO
USE THE TELEPHONE
BUT IT IS DEAD.

MEANWHILE THE
'CLEANER' IS
STILL SLOWLY
APPROACHING)

(AFTER MUCH EFFORT) ... nothing gained.
(cont...)

(HE SIGHS AND
CASUALLY TOUCHES
A BUTTON AT THE
SIDE OF THE
TELEPHONE.

COIN TOKENS POUR
OUT.

THE DOCTOR SCOOPS
TO PICK SOME UP
AND STUDIES ONE.
WE SEE THERE IS
WRITING ON IT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (READING) 'Issued
by Kroagnon, Great Architect.'
(THOUGHTFULLY) Kroagnon ... Kroagnon ...

(HE STARES AT IT.
THE 'CLEANER' IS
GETTING NEARER.)

THE DOCTOR
CROSSLY, RAISING
HIS VOICE)

Oh do go away. Whoever's orders
you're under. I've got so many things
to work out and you really aren't
helping. (IMPATIENTLY) What is it
you want anyway?

(FROM BEHIND HIM
DOWN THE CORRIDOR
COMES ANOTHER
'CLEANER' ALSO
SPRAYING AWAY.
THE DOCTOR HEARS
THE SOUND AND
GLANCES ROUND)

Apart, that is, from my death.

(HE LOOKS BOTH WAYS.
NO ESCAPE ROUTE IS
APPARENT. THE
'CLEANERS' MOVE NEARER.
THE SMOKE STARTS TO
BILLOW AS THEY SPRAY
AND THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO COUGH)

14. INT. BASEMENT.

(THE DOOR MARKED
'NO ENTRY', HALF
OPEN, FROM
THE DOOR SMOKE
BILLOWS.

LOUD OMINOUS
MECHANICAL
THROBBING.

THEN THE CHIEF
CARETAKER'S VOICE
IS HEARD)

CHIEF CARETAKER: (V.O.) I'm sorry,
my pet, Daddy's been kept busy but
now he's going to come down and
see how you're getting on ... See
you soon....

(THE THROBBING
CONTINUES)

15. INT. ENTRANCE TO LIFT.

(MEL AND PEX
APPROACH)

MEL: (LOOKING ROUND) Are you sure
we - ? (SIGHING) Never mind, we've
found a lift at last. If it works.

PEX: Most of them don't.

(MEL IS ABOUT
TO APPROACH
THE LIFT BUT
PEX RESTRAINS
HER)

No, wait there. I'll check if it's
safe.

MEL: I don't need you to do that.
I can -

(PEX SILENCES HER
WITH HIS HAND)

PEX: Remember, I am Pex -

MEL: (WEARILY) I put the world of
Paradise Towers to rights. Alright,
go and check. (cont...)

(PEX VERY DELIBERATELY
CHECKS THE LIFT
AREA WEAPON AT
THE READY.

MEL LOOKS RATHER
BORED.

EVENTUALLY PEX
RETURNS TO MEL)

MEL: (cont) Well?

PEX: It's safe.

MEL: Good.

(SHE APPROACHES
THE LIFT FOLLOWED
BY PEX. AS
SHE DOES SO, TWO
BLUE KANGS STEP
OUT OF HIDING.
THEY RAISE THEIR
BOWS)

16. INT. STREET. (AS IN SCENE 13)

(THE 'CLEANER'S
ARE CLOSING IN.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AROUND AND
SEES CLOSE TO
THE 'EMERGENCY'
TELEPHONE A
DOOR UNNUMBERED
WITHOUT HANDLE
OR KEYHOLE.
LIKE A STORAGE
CUPBOARD.
HE TRIES TO OPEN
IT. WITHOUT
SUCCESS.

THE CLEANERS COME
NEARER STILL SPRAYING.

HE TRIES TO
FORCE THE DOOR.
WITHOUT SUCCESS.

THE SMOKE IS
REACHING HIM
AND HE STARTS
TO COUGH)

THE DOCTOR: Think calmly ...

(HE FEELS THE
DOOR OVER FOR
SOME MEANS OF
OPENING IT.

THE SMOKE INCREASES.

HIS HAND FINDS A
TINY LEVER. HE
PRESSES IT AND
SUDDENLY THE DOOR
FALLS BACKWARDS
CATAPULTING
HIM INTO APPARENT
BLACKNESS.

THE DOCTOR
DISAPPEARS WITH
A CRY.

THE DOOR SHUTS
AGAIN BEHIND
HIM JUST AS
THE TWO 'CLEANERS'
COME UP TO IT)

17. INT. BASEMENT.

(THE CHIEF CARETAKER
COMES ALONG THE
CORRIDOR TOWARDS
THE DUST-COVERED
DOOR. HE IS
HUMMING TO
HIMSELF.

JUST BEFORE THE
DOOR HE STOPS
AND LOOKS DOWN,
PUZZLED, AT
THE FLOOR.

HE BENDS DOWN
AND PICKS UP
SOME BLOOD-STAINED
CLOTHING BELONGING
TO THE DEAD RED
KANG.

HE SHAKES HIS
HEAD DISBELIEVINGLY.
THEN STRIDES
PURPOSEFULLY
TOWARDS THE DOOR.
THE DOOR OPENS.

MECHANICAL THROBBING,
SMOKE AND LURID
LIGHT. BEYOND
WE SEE DIMLY
THE OUTLINES OF
A MYSTERIOUS
LARGE MACHINE WITH
MECHANICAL JAWS
AND ABOVE THE
FLICKERING RED
LIGHT, LIKE A
MALEVOLENT EYE
IN A CONTROL PANEL.
ON THE FLOOR ITMES
OF BLOOD-STAINED
CLOTHING BELONGING
TO KANGS AND
CARETAKERS.

THE CHIEF CARETAKER
STANDS IN THE
DOORWAY.

THE THROBBING
GETS LOUDER.

WE CONCENTRATE
NOW ON THE
FIGURE OF THE
CARETAKER)

CHIEF CARETAKER: (COOINGLY) Hello,
my pet, how are you? Did you enjoy
your nice Caretaker?

(MECHANICAL THROBBING
BY WAY OF REPLY.

THE CHIEF CARETAKER
TURNS A KNOB
BY THE DOOR AND
THE THROBBING
TURNS IN TO LOW
GUTTURAL HUMAN
SOUNDS)

VOICE: Hungry ... Hungry ...

CHIEF CARETAKER: Hungry! You can't
be. Daddy's always made sure you've
had a good supply of what you like.
Daddy's the Chief Caretaker and that's
his main job.

VOICE: Hungry ... Hungry ...

CHIEF CARETAKER: And while we're on
the subject, Daddy's not very pleased
with you. (cont...)

(HE HOLDS UP
THE KANG GARMENT)

CHIEF CARETAKER: (cont) Now I didn't send you this little snack, did I? So how come it's got here? I mean, the Cleaners don't do things like that without orders from someone. And it wasn't me. So who did it? Tell Daddy.

(THE VOICE STOPS
AND THERE'S JUST
A GENTLE THROBBING
FROM THE MACHINE.

THE CHIEF CARETAKER
STARTS TO GET ANGRY)

If you don't tell Daddy who's been feeding you behind his back, I won't give you the Great Architect to eat.

(THE RESPONSE IS
VIOLENT AND
DEAFENING)

VOICE: Hungry ... Hungry ...

(THE CHIEF CARETAKER
LOOKS SCARED FOR
THE FIRST TIME)

CHIEF CARETAKER: Alright, alright. You'll get him just as soon as I can catch him again.

(THE VOICE STARTS
TO GIVE OUT
DEAFENING BELLOWS
OF RAGE AND HUNGER)

But, my pet, my darling. I don't understand. You're not usually like this. What's the matter? Tell me.

(HIS FACE IS BEGINNING
TO SHOW SIGNS OF
PANIC. THE BELLOWING
CONTINUES)

18. INT. APPROACH TO LIFT.

(A COUPLE MORE
BLUE KANGS
HAVE JOINED
THE OTHERS.
THEY GUARD
PEX AND MEL
IN SILENCE.

PEX HAS BEEN
DISARMED.

SUDDENLY PEX
BURSTS INTO
ACTION. HE
RUSHES FORWARD
AND CONFRONTS
THE BLUE KANGS
MAKING KARATE-
STYLE GESTURES)

PEX: Come on ... Come on ... I'll
take you all on ...

(THE BLUE KANGS
STARE AT HIM
UNMOVED)

Look, with my bare hands I'll do it.
I'm a trained fighting machine.
Come on, fight ... fight ...

(HE CONTINUES TO
POSE MARTIALLY
GRADUALLY LOSING
STEAM. WHEN
HE'S THOROUGHLY
DEFLATED, THE
BLUE KANG LEADER
SPEAKS)

BLUE KANG: Enough, Musclebrain,
get back.

(PEX RETURNS TO
MEL'S SIDE
SHAME-FACEDLY)

PEX: No one wants to fight fair.

MEL: In the circumstances, I don't
blame them.

(TURNING TO
BLUE KANG
LEADER)

Will you please tell us why you're
holding us here. We don't mean you
any harm. At least I don't.

BLUE KANG: We saw you with the Red
Kangs.

MEL: Yes, but they were holding me
captive too. I don't know anything
about them. I'm certainly not
their friend.

BLUE KANG: If not a Kang, who are
you?

MEL: Does everybody have to be a
Kang? My name's Mel. I'm a visitor
here, trying to find my friend, the
Doctor, who's gone missing in the
Towers.

BLUE KANG: (INDICATING PEX) You
know him?

MEL: Well, of course, I know him
since I'm with him but I sometimes
wish I didn't.

PEX: I'm protecting you.

MEL: (SARCASTICALLY) Which is why we're in the mess we are.
(TO BLUE KANG) Do you know anything about this person?

(THE BLUE KANG
SMILES AND
NODS)

BLUE KANG: All Kangs know the Musclehead. He's a scaredy cat. When the in-betweens sent us all here in the Ship, us and the oldsters, the Musclehead hid away and came with us. Cos he didn't want to fight in the war along with the other in-betweens.

PEX: (SHOCKED) Who told you that?

BLUE KANG: Everyone knows that. Oldsters call out after him in the carrydoors. The Musclehead's a scaredy cat. (GOING UP TO HIM) Scaredy cat! Scaredy cat!

(THE CRY IS TAKEN
UP BY THE OTHERS.

PEX HAS GONE
RIGID WITH
EMBARRASSMENT)

MEL: Pex -

PEX: What?

MEL: Is this true? (NO ANSWER)
Is this true?

PEX: I've made up for it since I was here. Since I've been in Paradise Towers, I've been brave, a hero ... a fighting ma ...

(PEX STOPS,
UNABLE TO
GO ON)

MEL: (SARCASTICALLY) Sent here by
powers you weren't allowed to name?
I should have guessed.

(SHE TURNS TO THE
BLUE KANG)

Will you allow me to go if I go alone?
I give you my word I mean no harm.
You can see I've got no weapons,
nothing dangerous. Look.

(SHE HOLDS OUT
HER ARMS.

THE BLUE KANG
LOOKS AND AFTER
CONSULTING THE
EYES OF THE OTHER
KANGS NODS)

Thanks.

(SHE STARTS TO
MOVE OFF THEN
STOPS)

Goodbye, Pex.

(SHE LEAVES.

THE BLUE KANG
GOES UP TO THE
DEJECTED PEX)

BLUE KANG: Scaredy cat.

(THE CHANT OF
'Scaredy cat'
BUILDS UP AGAIN.
PEX BOWS HIS HEAD)

19. INT. THE RED KANGS' HEADQUARTERS.

(THE DOCTOR LIES
UNCONSCIOUS ON
THE FLOOR.

GRADUALLY HE
STARTS TO COME
TO.

FOR THE MOMENT
NEITHER HE NOR
THE AUDIENCE IS
CLEAR WHERE HE
IS.

HIS EYES START
TO TAKE IN HIS
SURROUNDINGS.

FINALLY HE SITS
UP RUBBING HIS
HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: Where am I? I don't
understand.

(A FAMILIAR
VOICE SPEAKS:)

BIN LINER: Build High for Happiness,
Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR
FOCUSSES ON
THE FIGURE OF
BIN LINER.

SHE AND FIRE
ESCAPE STAND
OVER HIM CROSS-
BOWS AT THE
READY.

(THE HEADQUARTERS
IS SMALL AND
DARK WITH WALLS
COVERED IN
TROPHIES AND
WALLSCRAWL)

THE DOCTOR: Oh er, Build High for
Happiness. What's happened?

FIRE ESCAPE: You dropped down,
Doctor. Whoosh into our Brainquarters.
Where is the girl who is not a Kang?

THE DOCTOR: I only wish I knew.
(GETTING UP) Well, Fire Escape
and Bin Liner, I never expected to
see you both again. Still less did
I expect to be glad to see you both
again. But I have to be going now.
There's much to do.

(HE TRIES TO
LEAVE BUT THE
CROSSBOWS ARE
TRAINED ON HIM)

BIN LINER: No way.

THE DOCTOR: What?

FIRE ESCAPE: No balls games. No
flyposts. No outgoing.

BIN LINER: Why you here, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: It's an accident. I
was being chased by two Cleaners
and -

FIRE ESCAPE: (TENSE) Cleaners?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. I expect they'll
have gone by now.

FIRE ESCAPE: (TO BIN LINER) Check
for safe and sure on the Talkiphone.

(BIN LINER NODS
AND GOES OVER
TO A DRINKS
MACHINE PHONE
LIKE THE ONE
IN EPISODE ONE
WITH PICTURES OF
CANS OF DRINK
PAINTED ON IT.

SHE STARTS TO
PUNCH OUT A CODE)

THE DOCTOR: Do I get the impression
I'm not believed?

FIRE ESCAPE: Cleaners make Kangs
unalive.

THE DOCTOR: Do they now? Would you
like to tell me about it?

(FIRE ESCAPE
REMAINS SILENT)

(EXASPERATED) What is the matter
with you all in the Towers? I
simply don't understand it. These
Cleaners go around killing people
and carting them off and nobody
seems to try and stop them. All you
Kangs do is draw wallscrawls on the
subject all over the place.

(FIRE ESCAPE
TRIES TO
INTERRUPT)

I know. I've seen them. And the
Caretakers are no better. They allow
themselves to be killed off without
saying a word either. Even though
there's nothing about it in their
precious Rule Book. (cont ...)

(FIRE ESCAPE
TRIES TO
INTERRUPT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) And I know
that because I've read it.

FIRE ESCAPE: (AWED) There's a
wipe out of Caretakers as well?

THE DOCTOR: Don't say you didn't
know? You begin to see why it's
so important I start to find out
what's happening? What, for
example, is behind that door belching
out smoke you Kangs seem so keen on
painting? Any ideas - or is that
just another mystery?

(FIRE ESCAPE
TURNS AWAY WITH
SOME RELIEF AS
BIN LINER COMES
OFF THE TELEPHONE)

BIN LINER: Cleaners were in the
carrydoor. With sprinkle gas.
There no more.

THE DOCTOR: Thank goodness for that.
May I take a look at that?

(HE MOVES OVER
TO THE 'PHONE')

BIN LINER NODS
BUT STILL COVERS
HIM.

THE DOCTOR CHATS
AS HE EXAMINES IT)

You know, you're being very stupid
for such clever people. If I were
you, I'd find that door and find out
what's behind it. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Until then
we're all at risk, you, me, Mel,
everyone.

(HE LOOKS CLOSER
AT THE 'PHONE')

And you have these all over the
Towers?

(BIN LINER NODS)

It really is a splendid piece of
auditory-architectonotonical
metrosyncosthopy.

FIRE ESCAPE: It works.

THE DOCTOR: There is just one thing.
You probably haven't realised that
this machine has another, admittedly
rather over-simple purpose, which is
probably why it was first installed
in Paradise Towers?

(THE TWO RED KANGS
SHAKE THEIR
HEADS.

THE DOCTOR
FUMBLES IN HIS
POCKET AND
PRODUCES ONE OF
THE TOKENS. HE
HOLDS IT UP)

Incidentally, another part of the
Paradise Towers mystery. The
Great Architect issued this.
Kroagnon was his name. A name I
ought to know but can't place. What
has happened to him since he finished
this building? Nobody seems to know.
And - (HE STOPS HIMSELF) I'm sorry.
Allow me. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR IS
ABOUT TO PUT
THE TOKEN IN
THE MACHINE.

BIN LINER RAISES
HER CROSSBOW TO
STOP HIM BUT
FIRE ESCAPE
RESTRAINS HER.

THE DOCTOR PUTS
THE TOKEN IN
THE MACHINE.

THE MACHINE
STARTS TO RATTLE.

THE KANGS WATCH
MYSTIFIED.

FINALLY OUT POPS
A CAN OF FIZZY
DRINK. THE
DOCTOR WHIPS OFF
ITS TOP AND
DRINKS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Mmm, very
refreshing.

(HE OFFERS THE
CAN TO THE KANGS.

THEY HESITATE
BUT ARE OBVIOUSLY
IMPRESSED.

HE DRINKS AGAIN
AND OFFERS IT.

BIN LINER TAKES
IT AND DRINKS.

THEN FIRE ESCAPE.

PAUSE.

THEY BOTH BREAK
INTO SMILES)

FIRE ESCAPE: Icehot, Doctor, icehot.

20. INT. CARETAKERS' HEADQUARTERS.

(THE CHIEF
CARETAKER IS
IN THE PROCESS
OF BERATING
HIS DEPUTY
CARETAKER)

CHIEF CARETAKER: So you still have
not discovered where the escaped
Great Architect has gone to?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: No, Chief.

CHIEF CARETAKER: And you have no
idea of his whereabouts?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: No, Chief, unless -

CHIEF CARETAKER: (SHARPLY) Unless
what?

DEPUTY CARETAKER: Unless he was
taken by the Cleaners.

CHIEF CARETAKER: Don't be absurd.
Besides, you are overlooking one
very obvious possibility.

DEPUTY CARETAKER: What's that,
Chief?

CHIEF CARETAKER: The Wallscrawlers.
They've been getting very bold of
late and making fun of authority.
(MAKING A SUDDEN DECISION) Summon
all available Caretakers. We are
going to start a 45D Section 3
Security Search.

DEPUTY CARETKAER: Yes, Chief.

CHIEF CARETAKER: The 327
Appendix Three Subsection 9
Death of the Great Architect
must take place. And, besides,
even if the Wallscrawlers don't
have him, it's high time they
were taught a severe lesson.

21. INT. STREET OUTSIDE REZZIES' FLAT.

(MEL IS WALKING
ALONG LOOKING
ABOUT HER
OBVIOUSLY LOST.

FROM DOWN THE
STREET A VOICE)

TILDA: Cooee!

(TILDA STANDS
BY HER DOOR)

Care for a cup of tea? It's lovely
to see you. We'd almost given up
hope. How have you been getting on?

MEL: Not very well. Going round
and round in circles.

TILDA: What a shame! Why don't
you come inside and rest your weary
bones?

MEL: I don't know, I - (CHANGING
HER MIND) Yes, thank you. I will.
Just for a moment. I am very tired.

(SHE MOVES TOWARDS
TILDA'S FRONT
DOOR)

22. INT. REZZIES' FLAT.

(TABBY IS SEATED
BUT RISES AS
TILDA ENTERS
WITH MEL)

TILDA: Tabby, guess what, a real
piece of good fortune. You'll
never guess who's arrived for tea.

(TABBY SMILES
SWEETLY BUT
AMBIGUOUSLY
AT MEL)

23. INT. SQUARE.

(PEX IS WANDERING
ABOUT THE SQUARE
SEARCHING)

PEX: Mel! Mel! Where are you?
Let me help you. Please!!

24. INT. STREET.

(THE DEPUTY
CARETAKER
COMES ALONG
FOLLOWED BY
OTHER CARETAKERS
CARRYING EVIL-
LOOKING DRILLS
AND WEAPONS.

THE DEPUTY
CARETAKER IS
PUSHING IN
FRONT OF HIM A
SORT OF METAL
DETECTOR APPARATUS,
ATTACHED TO A
MINIATURE TELEVISION,
WHICH GIVES OUT
MECHANICAL BLEEPS
AS IT SEARCHES.

ON THE TELEVISION
SCREEN IS A
PICTURE OF THE
DOCTOR)

25. INT. RED KANGS' HEADQUARTERS.

(THE REST OF THE
RED KANGS ARE
PRESENT.

THE DOCTOR PUTS
ANOTHER TOKEN
IN THE DRINKS
MACHINE AND
ANOTHER CAN
DROPS OUT.

CHEERS FROM
KANGS.

A PARTY MOOD
IS BEING
ESTABLISHED)

BIN LINER: (TOASTING THE DOCTOR)
Build High for Happiness, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (RETURNING TOAST) And
Build High for Happiness to you.
But let us not forget what has to
be done. Together we have to find
Mel and solve the mystery of
Paradise Towers. I've learnt
enough to know that its very
existence is at stake.

FIRE ESCAPE: Icehot, Doctor, icehot.

(THEY ALL TOAST
EACH OTHER)

26. INT. STREET.

(THE DEPUTY
CARETAKER AND
HIS DETECTOR
HAVE ARRIVED AT
THE DOOR THROUGH
WHICH THE DOCTOR
DISAPPEARED.

THE DETECTOR
GIVES OUT HIGH-
PITCHED BEEPS.

THE DEPUTY
CARETAKER TURNS
TO HIS COMPANIONS)

DEPUTY CARETAKER: This is where he
is. Let's get to work.

(THE OTHER
CARETAKERS
RAISE THEIR
DRILLS)

27. INT. RED KANGS' HEADQUARTERS.

(THE HILARITY IS
SUDDENLY CUT
ACROSS BY A
WARNING ALARM
GOING OFF.

BIN LINER LOOKS
AT FIRE ESCAPE
AND RUNS TO A
PERISCOPE-LIKE
PEEPHOLE,

HER FACE CHANGES)

BIN LINER: Caretakers. I can see
them through the Eye-Spy.

(FIRE ESCAPE
NODS GRIMLY.

SHE TURNS
ACCUSINGLY TO
THE DOCTOR.

OTHER KANGS
POINT THEIR
CROSSBOWS AT
HIM)

FIRE ESCAPE: Ware Doctor, Kangs.
He brings them here. Because like
Caretakers he wants all Wallscrawlers
unalive.

THE DOCTOR: (PROTESTING) Not at all.
You don't understand. The last thing
I want is to meet up with the
Caretakers again. I'd be in as much
danger as you. More probably.
(PAUSE) You have to believe me.
(cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) We have to
work together. The Chief Caretaker
is off his his head. If we don't
stop the wipeouts, who will?

(BUT THE KANGS
LOOK AT HIM
WITH SUSPICION.

THE ALARM RINGS
AGAIN)

(URGENTLY) Please.

28. INT. STREET.

(THE CARETAKERS
DRILLING AT
THE DOORWAY)

29. INT. REZZIES' FLAT.

(MEL, TABBY
AND TILDA
ARE DRINKING
TEA)

TABBY: Feeling better now, dear?

MEL: Yes, thank you. There's
nothing like tea and biscuits,
is there? I feel so much more
relaxed.

TABBY: That's good to hear, isn't
it, Tilda?

TILDA: Very good.

MEL: All the same, I really have
to be going.

TILDA: Oh, we couldn't possibly
let you do that.

TABBY: Not this time.

TILDA: We can't possibly miss this
opportunity, can we, Tabby?

TABBY: No, we can't, Tilda. Not
since those horrid little Kangs got
suspicious of our little ways.

TILDA: I am sorry, dear.

MEL: What do you mean?

TILDA: Well, you see, dear, we'd like you to stay. For a very long time.

TABBY: In fact, we don't imagine you ever leaving at all.

MEL: (PANICKING) You are joking, aren't you? (APPEALING TO THEM) Tilda? Tabby?

TABBY: We don't see this as a matter for humour, Mel, dear. We mean every word.

(SHE MOVES TO
BLOCK MEL'S
WAY OUT.

TILDA MEANWHILE
GRABS SOME OF
THE LARGE PILE
OF KNITTING AND
THROWS IT OVER
MEL.

MEL STRUGGLES
VAINLY)

TILDA: Our experience, Mel, has always been that it's much better not to struggle too much. It just causes everybody needless distress.

(TILDA PRODUCES
SOMETHING RATHER
LIKE A LARGE
TOASTING FORK.

THE WASTE DISPOSAL
UNIT STARTS TO
THROB.

MEL STARES IN
HORROR AT
TILDA, QUITE
MESMERISED.

TILDA SMILES
AT HER SWEETLY
AND RAISES
THE TOASTING
FORK)

FADE OUT